Barbara Frietchie.

BY JOHN G. WHITTEE. Up from the meadows rich with corn, Clear in the cool September morn, The clustered spires of Frederich stand Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Kound about them orchards sweep. Apple and peach-tree fruited deep. Fair as a garden of the Lord To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early Fall When Lee matched over the mountain wall Over the mountains winding town, Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars. Plepped in the morning wind : the san Of moon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Earbara Frietchie then, Bowed with her four-core years and ten ; Bravest in all Frederick town. She took up the flag the men hauled down. In her attic-window the staff she set. To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread, Stonewall Jackson riding ahead,

Under his sloouched hat left and right He glauced: the old flag met his sight. "Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast "Fire!"—out blazed the rife-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash, It rent the banner with seam and gash. Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff Dame barbara snatched the silken scarf,

She leaned far out on the window-sill, And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, But spare your country's flag, "she said. A shade of sadness, a blush of shame, Over the face of the leader came;

The nobier nature within him stirred To life at that woman's deeds and words. "Who touches a hair of you gray head Lies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tossed. Over the heads of the rebel host. Ever its torn folds rose and fell On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light Shone over it with a warm good night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er, And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear Pall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier. Over Farbara Frietchie's grave

Fleg of 1 reedom and Union wave! Peace and order and beauty draw Romet the symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down On thy stars below in 1 rederick t wn! [Atlantic Monthly.]

A Sociable Governor.—Gov. Powell, of Kentucky, was never an orator, but his conversational, story telling and social qualities were remarkable. His great forte lay in establishing a personal intimacy with every one he met, and in this way he was powerful in electioneering. He chewed immense quantities of tobacco, but never carried the weed himself, and was always begging it of every one he met. His residence was in Henderson, and in coming up the Ohio, past that place, I overheard the following characteristic anecdote of him :-

A citizen of Henderson coming on board, fell into conversation with a passenger who made inquiries about Powell. He lives in your place, I believe,

don't he ?" "Yes, one of our oldest citizens."

"Very sociable man, ain't he?" "Remarkably so,"

"Well, I thought so. I think lie is one of the most sociable men I ever met in all my life. Wonderfully sociable, I was introduced to him over at Grayson Springs last summer, and he hadn't been with me ten minutes when he begged all the tobacco I had, got his feet up in my lap, and spit all over me-remarkably socia-

A GALLANT MICHIGANDER. - The gallant bearing of Sergeant Samuel Pollock, of the 6th Michigan, was represented to Gen. Emory by a participant in the struggle. The General sent for the worthy non-commissioned officer, and interrogated him freely, ale ascertained that the sergeant had been detailed as superintendent of a Government pluntation, and that fearing a guerillas mid, he had instructed his field hands in the use of the musket for several days previous to the battle. When the action took place the plantation negroes were martialed under his charge, and stimulated to daring deeds. One rebel Major was killed and one wounded by the negroes. Sergeant Pollock is given the credit of having dispatched the rebel Col. Joe. Phillips. the commanding officer of the enemy, and having obtained his sword. Gen. Emory observed to the sergeant that he could not remain detailed needed in the field. He gave him permission to retain the captured sword, and ordered him to report to Gen. Shepley, who gave him a position as Major .- New Orleans Era.

The Lord's Prayer.

A friend tells us an anecdote of Booth, the great tragedian which we do not recollect to have seen in print. It occurred in the palmy days of his fame, before the sparkle of his great black eye had been dimmed by that bane of genius, strong drink. Mr. Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity and piety. The host, though disapproving of the theatres and theatre going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance, overcome all his scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted and the company re-seated in the drawing room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's prayer.

Booth expressed his ready willingness to afford this gratification, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverency from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned tremblingly upwards, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful until at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich toned voice, from white lips, sylabled forth. "Our Father, who art in heaven," &c., with a pathos and fervid solemnity that thrilled all hearts. He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or muscle moved in his wrapt audience, until from a remote corner of the room a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman (their host) stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand.

"Sir," said he, in a broken accent, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day from boyhood to the present time, thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I

have never heard it before, never!
"You are right, replied Booth; "to read that prayer as it should be read, has caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being you again. yet sati fied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small and words so simple. That prayer itself sufficient y illustrates the truth of the Bible, and thus stamps upon it the seal of Divinity."

So great was the effect produced (says our informant, who was present,) that conversation was continued but a short time longer in monosylables, and almost entirely ceased; and soon after, at an early hour, the company broke up and retired to their several homes with sad faces and full hearts. - Chicago Tribune.

THE BELOVED WIFE. - Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband -not useful, not valuable, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let ber her throne is the glory of Heaven, her be the recipient of his polite and hearty light the hope of the world sthat her attentions; let her feel that her care and home is the bosom of God, her restinglove are noticed, appreciated and returned; place the hearts of men; that she has let her opinion. sought, and her judgement respected, in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be leved, honored and cherished in fulfillment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, and her children, and society, a well-spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil and anxiety ; for her husband's love is to her as a tower and fortress, Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy may dull the edge of sorrow. A house with love in it-and by love, I mean love expressed in words and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in the love that never crops out-is to a house without; love as a person to a machine; the one is life, the other mechanism.

AMERICAN COURTESY TO WOMEN.—An accomplished female writer in Great Britain said, in a recent article in Fraser's Magazine : "If at any time I needed to find a gentleman who should aid me in any little difficulties of travel, or show me a kindness with that consideration for a woman as a woman, which is the true tone of manly courtesy, then I should desire to find a North American gentleman. They are simply the most kind and courtery are simply the most k teons of any people." However the exist-ence of this fact may be accounted for, we imagine that no one competent to form an opinion in the ease, will dispute its reality for a moment. We have grievous shortcomings in other things, but in respectful deference to the sex our population is a unit; and the feeling is so general, pervading, and as it were instinctive, that it is expressed as a matter of course at all times and places, and in every possible

A Sermon to Tennessee Loyalists .

EDMUND KIRKE IN THE N. Y. TRIBUNE,

Walking slowly back through the open fields, I came upon the white tents of a regiment of infantry. A few sentirel, were pacing to and fro among them, but they were otherwise deserted. Near by, however, under the broad branches of a mammoth maple, the denizens of the canvas city were gathered around a sparse yas city were gathered around a sparse gray-haired, thin-visaged man, dressed in a stiff black stock, a check neglige shirt, and blue lower garments, who, in his shirt sleeves, was holding forth on the beauties of freedom. Attracted by his earnest manner, and his rich, mellow voice, which ring out on the still air like the call of a bugle on the eve of battle. I joined the half-a-thousand martial auditors, who, seated on camp-stools, leaning on muskets, or lolling on the thick, green grass which carpeted the ground, were drinking in his word and the second control of ing in his words as if they were the notes of an opera singer.

"I am tired and disgusted" he said, "with this endless talk about the everlasting negro. I doubt not he is a man, with very much such blood, and bones, and brains, and soul as we have. I doubt not his destiny is linked with ours-and that in the coming life many, very many of his sooty race will hold the highest seats in the synagogue, and look down on us as we now look down on them. But that is no reason why we should worship himno reason why we should settle him comfortably in his master's easy-chair, and let him idle away his life smoking bad tobacco and drinking mean whiskey, while we are fighting for his freedom. No, boys, give him freedom—every man, whatever his color, is entitled to that—but make him fight for it. Make him do what we have to do-work out his own salvation on hard tack and salt pork, with often not half enough of that. Tell him that John Brown is a marching on, but marching on' over Tennessee roads, with sore feet and weary legs, and the mud over his boots; and tell him, too, that the black man if he would be free must follow where John Brown leads. If he will not do this-give him Hail Columbia, and never let his ugly face be seen among

"And those of you who worship the ebony idol, who in pity for the wrongs of the black forget that our own race has deeper wrongs and greater woes than his, let me tell you what is worthy of your worship—what all good and true men, in all times have worshiped—what they have fought, and suffered, and died for, with songs on their lips and joy in their heartsand then, if you persist in shutting your eyes to everything in heaven and earth but the black man, you are past all hope, and— nay God have mercy on your souls.

"What I would have you worship is Freedom-white Freedom -FREEDOM FOR ALL. Poets have sung of it as a beautiful maiden, glowing as the dawn, radiant as the stars, smiling as the sun when he first looked on the earth. They have said that her throne is the glory of Heaven, her light the hope of the world sthat her crowned the earth with p its dwellings with joy; that its fragrant fields waft her incense, and its gorgeous cities speak her praise; that on lowly cots and lofty mansions, on teeming workshops and hallowed temples, her name is written—written in letters that will outlast the marble, and grow in splendor forever, All this is true; but I have seen her stripped of her glory-a wanderer and a fugitive in the earth. I have seen her fleeing from the haunts of men, and hiding away among the rocks and caves of the wilderness. I have seen her back scarred with lashes, and her limbs quivering with pain ; her soul racked with anguish, and her body tortured with fire. I have seen her weeping like Rachael for her children-weeping amid the ruins of all she loved ; and worse than this, I have seen her fainting in her misery and groveling in her shame, and I have heard her deny the God who made her and the heaven from which she came!

"And all this I have seen here-in this land, every inch of whose soil is wet with the blood our fathers shed to make it

free! "And shall this longer be? Shall we shut our eyes and steel our hearts to the woes of the white man, while we weep salt tears over the wrongs of the black? Shall we let this accursed race of men-stealers and women-whippers go free when the slave is liberated? Or, shall we say to them take your foot from off the neck of the poor white, release his soul from its bondage—a bondage more galling than the fetters of the save—give him the light of heaven and the knowledge of earth, and let his children know there is a God and a life to come. Shall we not say this? PREE SOUTH.

Would we be men if we said less? "What one of you will consent that this war shall end till the white man, as well as the black, is Free ?"

And then the chaplain discanted on the condition of the poor white man, and on the system and the men that have made him what he is; and for another half hour I listened to as odd a medley of slang and poetry, highfaluten and quaint eloquence, as ever fell from preacher's lips.

Next to laughing, whistling is one of the most philosophical things which a fellow in good spirits can indulge in. Whist-ling is a popular prescription for "keeping up the courage"—it might better be-said good spirits. Some genial philoso-pher has well said on this subject: "whist-ling is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care, supplies the place of sunshine. A man who whistles has a good heart under his shirt-front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but heworks more constantly. A whistling cobbler will earn as much money again as a cordwainer who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Mean or avaricious men never whistle. The man who attacks whistling throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses-August of its meadow larks. Such a man should be looked to.'

WHO FIRED AT THE NEGRO'S DEAD Body ?—It seems that a day or two after one of the rebel raids near Washington, a regiment of infantry, with a battery of light artillery, was sent out to hunt up the raiders; as they advanced they espied what they took to be a company of rebel infantry throwing up entrenchments near a wood about a half a mile on, across a valley that intervened. No sooner were espied than the pieces were unlimbered, and a round of canister given, which, striking in their midst and wounding several, sent the rest at double-quick to the rear and out of sight. On advancing to the supposed breastworks it was found that it was after all, the funeral of a poor contraband, whom his sable brethren were committing to his last home, and that the shot had not only knocked over the corpse, but wounded several of the mourners. The soldiers had to complete the services.

Get not your friends by love compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love. It is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserve our friends. Excite them by your civilities, and show them that you desire nothing more than their happiness; obliged with all your soul that friend who has made you a present of his own.

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Wilkes & Thompson - - - Proprietors ...

James G. Thompson - - - - Editor .. TERMS-Two Dorlars per annum, in advance.

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